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VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1556.

Choice Poetry.

THE LOST FLOWER.

BY HON. H. W. ELLSWORTH.

I remember once, in the garden fair
Of Life, in my childhood's hour,
How I loved, as it grew in the Summer air,
And bended, a gentle flower.
'Twas the sweetest Rose that ever on earth
In garden had bloomed or grown,
And I felt, in my soul, from its hour of birth,
It would blossom for me alone.

I watched it long, from the Sun's first ray
To his last in the purpled West;
Till it acted with the spiritual sophist's play,
And slept in its mossy nest;
But, unwont of all, in the pure moonlight,
My heart to its bosom drew,
As if by like a Bride, in the spangles bright,
That the Dew-Spirit sky it threw!

How I loved it, the sweet Rose knew full well,
For it turned to my softened tyed,
And answer gave, as it bent could tell,
With an eloquent blush expressed!
It would have, as the prayer of my heart was heard,
With its soft leaves folded up,
Till the depths of its fragrant life was stirred,
As it shook in its ruby cup!

Yet I carelessly slept, while the hours flew by,
For the Heavens hung bright above,
And little I dreamed, 'mid a cloudless sky,
How fast hastes to watch and love!
But I woke in tempest's thrilling blind,
As it swept on the darkened day,
Till the hope of my broken heart was dead,
For my sweet Flower lorne away!

Full many a year, since the bright One fled,
Have I wandered darkly on,
And I keenly mourn for the early Dead,
In the bloom of its beauty gone:
Yet o'er grave where the silent rest
To the eye unbidden springs,
Roots an angel-tear, that is soft leave alone,
That stems to my lone heart sings:

"The Flower thou watched, from its hour of birth,
Till it passed in its bloom away,
Was the Rose Origen then knew not in precious
earth
Of the trusting heart's First Love:
'Tis the holiest thing that of beauty rare
Is left to it from Heaven,
And never to die in the faithless care
Of souls, to the world how given!

"There hast measured it true, but beyond the skies
It blooms in its saucy home,
Where the wreath of a thousand sleepless eyes
Wreaths the Throne about o'er can come.
And what though the world to thee is cold,
And fair forms around it rove,
It heeds to thy prayer, as it bowed of old,
And turns to but only love!

"Then hast wept, and mourned, oh! never, in vain
Has the tear of the mourner been;
Though thou sow'st in grief, yet shall thou reap in
strain
From thy seed of its bitter sin;
Thou hast wandered far, and thou still must sow
O'er a dim uncertain track
But then will a seed, by the Lord's Spirit blessed,
To thy heart this sweet Flower back."

Then thine, through the tangled maze of Life,
Though I wander and along,
Will I serve my seed in its daily strife,
And look to Heaven for song,
And still will I trust to its cheering strain,
Though I see not the day not here,
For I know shall prove to my heart again,
For ever, my own loved Flower.

Knickerbocker.

Romance of History.

TRUE LOVE;

OR,

THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAPTER II.

One day, in mid-summer, when Tower Hill, so often radiant with blood, lay white under many inches of snow, a woman might have been seen taking her way over the perilous path into the Tower from the world; for, in the middle class, her hood and kirtle were of humble fashion, black and close, and she bore a small, imperfect cloak, long woman, too, and seemed to be admitted into the sacral state-prison, or rather to creep in there, attracting from the warders no more notice than a bird flying in at a captive's window, or a little bright-eyed mouse peering at him in the dark.

Her errand, she said, was to the Governor's lady. Thither she was sent through gloomy passages that seemed to make her shudder, under narrowed barred stone windows, at which she looked up with a wistful, pitiful glance, as if it appeared to see appear there the wan face of some wretched prisoner. She reached the Governor's apartments. There air and light were not wanting, though it was in the grim old Tower. From her post in the sky, the sinking Thames, with ships of all nations gliding by — There were flowers, too, growing in the heavy embrasures of one window, and in the other was a group of human flowers—a young mother and her beautiful children.

The stranger briefly stated her errand. She had heard that the lady desired an attendant for her daughters, and she came to offer her services, bearing credentials from one whom the Governor's wife knew.

"The name is dcottish: are you from our country?" said the graceful mother, her fair face brightening at the sound.

"My father was, and so were all my nearest ties," answered the woman, in a low voice, as she pulled her hood more over her face.

"You say you and were—are all poor, then?"

"Yes; madam—I am quite alone."

"Poor young thing!"

"Nay, I am not young: I am thirty-four years old."

"And you have never been married?"

"No."

"Ah!" sighed the happy young wife of twenty-five, with a sort of dignified compassion.—But she will at least be faithful, and I am assured that the stranger wore a look of great sweetness, and had wished a gentle voice that fitted index of a womanly spirit. She enrolled her in her household at once.

"And you are willing, my good— What did you say was your Christian name?"

"Lettice."

"Are you willing to reside in the Tower? It is at best but a dreary place for us as well as for the poor prisoners, though we have not one beautiful King James, we have had but few unconfine there here lately."

Lettice hardly shuddered—perhaps it was to hear such gentle lips speak so indifferently of them torture—but she answered:

"I am quite satisfied, madam; even this prison seems a home to one who has just lost the only home she ever knew, and who has now none in the wide world."

She spoke with great simplicity, and in the calm manner of a woman who has been taught patience by long suffering. Nevertheless, when the Governor's lady bade her take off her mantle and hood, and the three little maidens, summoned from the inner room, came gathering round her, and, won by her sweet looks, offered childish kisses, Lettice's self-control failed, and a few tears began to fall from her eyes.

"Nay, take heart, my countrywoman," said this young mistress, kindly; "we will make you very happy here, and perhaps find you some tidings of your friends. Have you not been yeoman-warder with a good estate? King James takes care his Scottish subjects shall not starve in merry England."

And, quite satisfied that in a wealthy marriage she had thus promoted the ease and good of life, the lady departed.

That night Lettice saw the stars rise and shine out on the lonely Tower, not on the quaint old garden where her childish feet had strayed, and where afterwards—all earlier memories blotted out by those of one terrible night—she had walked patiently, hearing the burden of her sorrow for stranger.

Sixteen years! It was then long since Patrick Ruthven had disappeared, and yet no tidings had ever been heard of or from him. She had exerted all energies, exhausted all schemes—as far as she dared without endangering her father's safety—but could gain no knowledge. Her father was dead, but he had not perished on the scaffold. He still languished in prison, or he had been freed by escape or death, all was mystery; her only certainty was, that he had not perished on the scaffold.

And so praying for him day and night, and living him continually, this faithful woman had lived on. The days and years of her youth had glided from her like the waves of a river, unmarked. But no light of love rested upon them: their onward course she neither watched nor feared.

She saw the young men and maidens of her own age pass away into the midst of life, woo, and marry, and gather round them a third generation, while she remained the same. Wooers she had, for when sorrow comes in early youth, and fades, it sometimes transforms itself into a tender charm beyond all beauty, and this made Lettice not unsought.

Some women—good women, too—can love in their simple, easy-hearted fashion, twice, thrice, many times. Others grow cold, and yet are faithful in one love, and have in their memories a shrine for ever. Lettice Calderwood was one of these.

Her father lingered many years in a great bodily weakness, and in an almost famous old age. She tended him incessantly until he died. Then, when she had no kindred she left in the wide world, no duty to perform, none to love, Lettice Ruthven's step, she formed a resolution, ever which she had been long brooding with an intensity of perseverance such as few women have, but which none ever has swept a woman.

That resolution pleased, maturely guided, carried through many hindrances, formidable indeed, but which only fed the fervor before the night of her great love—Lettice found herself at last an inmate of the Tower. If there—as in all human probability she was—the only person in the world—she should certainly discover Patrick Ruthven. Further plans she saw not clear, still doubtful as she saw of his very existence. But as she sat by herself in the silent midnight, under a few yards, or feet, of the river's surface, if living, he still dragged on his mournful days; or where, if dead, his spirit had parted from the body—there came upon her a strange, solemn which often clings to those whose portion is somewhat like it—

"He is not dead," Lettice murmured, "else he would have come to me; he knew I should not leave him. He is not dead, for I should, if living, I will find and save him."

So, praying for Patrick, with the woman's faith, she laid figs—as the girl had prayed sixteen years before—Lettice fell asleep.

It was a dangerous thing for the free inhabitants of the Tower to baptize too closely about the prisoners. The days of Guy Fawkes and his Gunpowder Treason were not so long past but that all who had any interest in the enemies of the state were suspected, and kept a strict watch over, and close-shut eyes. Lettice Calderwood had dwelt for weeks within the walls where parchment lay her nearest relative lover, and yet never had never heard or breathed the name of Patrick Ruthven.

Her whole time was spent with the Governor's children. They, happy little creatures! played about the green, and the noble mansion was bright and sony and despair. Sometimes they talked about "the prisoners" with a light unconsciousness, as of speaking of wild beasts, or things beyond the limit ones! how could they understand the meaning of the words?

"Do you ever see the—prisoners?" Lettice ventured to ask of them, one day.

"Oh, yes, we often walk on the leads, and then we peep at them from below.

We are very good friends with one or two—one we may say, we are."

"Who are they, my child?"

If the little girl could have known the strong convulsion that passed over Lettice's heart while she put this simple question!

"Why, mother, I know anything; they are only prisoners. They have been here a great many years, and they will be here, I suppose, till the champ-Tower—he is always writing; and when we go in to see him—for he likes us to come—he always writes and writes, and I am afraid the laughing child put her fingers in her mouth, and began mimicking a smoker to perfection.

"Mark, mother, how like a prisoner you should not laugh at him, for our father says he is a good man, and the king is very sorry he has to keep any more than with the other man who is shut up in the Bell-Tower. You should see him, mother, when he is writing; he sits in the window, and is so gentle. They say he walks on the leads between his towers and Beauchamp-Tower, where the champ-Tower—he is always writing; and when we go in to see him—for he likes us to come— he likes to hear us sing. I sing well, and I am the laughing child put her fingers in her mouth, and began mimicking a smoker to perfection.

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Her errand

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

A Local Column.—In order to increase the variety of our paper, and its interest to those in the country who have friends or relatives in this city, we shall henceforth publish the most important Local News every week, on the third page.

COBBETT ON LOVE.

There is so much that is good and sensible in Cobbett's advice to a Lover, that we are afraid we shall scarcely be able to cull out all the gems in the space of one article. He opens his counsel by stating that there are two descriptions of lovers upon whom all advice would be thrown away. First, Those in whose minds passion has wholly overpowered reason, who are in truth little better than lunatics; and, secondly, those who love according to the rules of arithmetic, whose ardor is just in proportion to the amount of the lady's *riches*. As to the first of the above conditions, he says that the worst of it is, that the girls (and women, too,) look upon it as right that every lover should be a little *maddish*, and every attempt to bring him to reason, they regard as an invasion of their natural rights. "No girl ever liked a young man less for his having done things foolish and wild and ridiculous, provided she were *sure* that love of her had been the cause; let her but be satisfied upon this score, and there are very few things which she will not forgive." And Cobbett adds to this, very sensibly—that in this the women are "great and sound philosophers." For the cares of a household are often so engrossing and wearisome, that nothing but the most ardent affection can be relied upon to overcome them, and still leave [illegible]

DEATH OF DR. MORTON.

Dr. Samuel George Morton, one of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession in this country, or the world, died in this city on the 15th inst., after a brief but violent illness of three days, in the 53rd year of his age.

Dr. Morton was a native of this city, a member of a family connected with the Society of Friends—a society which has produced some of the purest minded and most intellectual men in the country. A student of the late eminent Dr. Jos. Parrish, he became very successful as a practising physician, and by his medical works and his lectures at one of our Medical Colleges, acquired a wide acquaintance and high reputation with his professional brethren in the South and West.

But his fame rests principally on his two great works, the *Crania Americana* and *Crania Ægyptiaca*, which brought him into immediate and honorable connection with the philosophers of Europe, and placed him in the first rank of those writers who have treated on the characteristics of different nations and races.

At the period of his decease, he was preparing a new work on his favorite subject, the materials for which are said to be of the most valuable and interesting description.

PIC-NICS.

We see by a recent letter from Germany, in Dickens's "Household Words," that the word "pic-nic," in that country, is applied to balls and parties, the expense of which is divided by the company; different friends joining and providing different portions of the entertainment.—Such parties are very common—the military officers have pic-nics, the students, &c. We think this a very rational custom, being a decided improvement on our "surprise parties," inasmuch as it leaves out the "surprise" element.

EASY GOING CAPTAIN.

At a recent meeting in London of sailors, to protest against an obnoxious Act of Parliament, the following anecdote was told by the orator of the evening as a fact:

Not long ago, on the coast of Africa, a captain was going to throw one of the crew, that was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says, "You ain't a-going to bury me alive, are you?" "Oh," says the captain, "*you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!*"

DAGUERREOTYPES.

An important discovery has been made in the Daguerrean art. It is a plan for coating the surface which renders a glass unnecessary, and permits the application of color, so that these pictures are as capable of elaborate finish as miniatures in oil. Mr. Beard, an Englishman, is the discoverer.

Pshaw—what will be the need of such a discovery when we get the Hillotype in use, and take our Daguerreotypes already painted?

New Publications.

NEW WORKS.

The following new books are upon our table, to some of which we hope to be able to give more extended notices hereafter:

An Author's Mind, Miscellaneous Essays, Probabilities. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. Authorized edition. Published by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Americans Warned of Jesuitism; or, The Jesuits Unveiled. By John Claudius Pitrat, a Member of the University of France, Founder of the Journal "La Presse du Peuple" in Paris, and formerly a Romish Priest. Published by J. S. Redfield, New York, and for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia. Price 50 cts.

The Pocket Companion for Machinists, Mechanics and Engineers. By Oliver Byrne, editor of the "Dictionary of Machines, Engineering, &c.," Professor of Mathematics, College of Civil Engineers, London. Published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York. Apparently a very excellent work.

The Heirs of Derwentwater. By E. L. Blanchard. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. Price 50 cts.

Curran and His Contemporaries. By Chas. Phillips, A. B. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Our readers can judge somewhat of this work, by some entertaining anecdotes of Curran we have recently published from it.

The Wife's Sister; or, The Forbidden Marriage. By Mrs. Hubback, niece of Mrs. Austen. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada. Price 25 cents. "*Niece of Mrs. Austen*;" how does that affect the merit of the book? Genius is not hereditary, especially from aunt to niece.

The Widow Rugby's Husband, and other Tales of Alabama. By the author of "Adventures of Simon Suggs." With Original Designs. Published by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Phila.

Louise La Valliere; or, The Conclusion of the Iron Mask. Volume Second. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Othello. The 38th number of the handsome Boston edition of Shakspeare—which we see with pleasure is to include his Poetical as well as Dramatic works, according to the wish of many subscribers.

The Manufacture of Steel. Containing the Practice and Principles of Working and Making Steel. A Hand Book for workers in steel and iron. By Frederick Overman, Mining Engineer, author of the "Manufacture of Iron," &c. Published by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Phila.

Dealings with the Inquisition. Or, Papal Rome, Her Priests and Her Jesuits. With Important Disclosures, by the Rev. Giacinto Achilli, D. D., Late Prior and Visitor of the Dominican Order, Head Professor of Theology, and Vicar of the Master of the Sacred Apostolic Palace, &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

The Sea King. A Nautical Romance, by the author of "The Scourge of the Ocean." Published by A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Phila. Price 50 cts.

POSTSCRIPT.

Important From Cuba.—The "N. Y. Sun" has a letter from Cuba, which states that nine of the most eminent citizens of Port Principe have been arrested for being concerned in the insurrection plot. The excitement is said to be very great. The authorities are in pursuit of other parties.

Unfortunate Collision.—About half-past 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, as the steamboat Ohio was approaching this city from Newcastle, with the passengers from Baltimore, she came in collision with the Gloucester steamboat Commodore Stockton, bound down the river from the city. The collision took place below Greenwich Point, the Stockton striking the Ohio athwart the bows. Both boats were terribly shattered by the shock, and Captain Davis finding the Ohio to be filling, made for the Jersey shore, where she grounded some distance below Kaighn's Point. By tolling the bell and other signals of distress from the Ohio, the ferry boat at Kaighn's Point was attracted to the scene, and rescued from forty to fifty of the passengers, who were subsequently landed at South Street wharf, with a single trunk, the only article of baggage saved.

The boat filled within twenty minutes after the collision, slipping out into the stream as she sank. The first boat that reached the Ohio was a wherry, which took off about a dozen of the passengers from the stern. Captain Davis landed on the Jersey shore, with a portion of the passengers in the long-boat of the Ohio, and it is thought that the whole of the passengers, with the exception of a single child, were safely brought to the shore. The announcement of this disaster produced an intense excitement as soon as it was known in the city, and those who expected friends were dreadfully alarmed.

The Commodore Stockton was so much crippled by the collision as to be unable to afford any assistance. Three valuable horses were on the deck of the Ohio, but they broke loose or becoming released in some way or other, swam ashore.

☞ How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth.

☞ The N. Y. Tribune speaks of a new and most important invention, in the manufacture of which India rubber is the principle article employed. It is especially for the use of gentlemen with long mustachios, and is remarkably simple. It is merely a strap with a spring at each end.—The wearer attaches a spring to each mustache, passes the strap behind his head, and eats his soup without the trouble of parting his mustachios to obtain entrance to his mouth. This is an age of great inventions.

☞ Bemus complained to Marshal Tukey, that "foreigners were employed at the Court House, to keep Americans out."

"What foreigners?" asked the Marshal.

"Are not *poles* foreigners?" said the indomitable punster.

☞ A peasant, being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay. The father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken away from the stack? "That is of no consequence," replied he, "you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder soon."

☞ I cannot help thinking that the fault of Mr. Keats's poems was a deficiency in masculine energy of style. He had beauty, tenderness, delicacy, in an uncommon degree, but there was a want of strength and substance.—*Hazlitt.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 North Second Street, (Third Door,)
Where Books, Pamphlets, Blank Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with neatness and dispatch, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the Interests of Mr. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories than the pace of other well-known writers. We have more now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible.

THE IRON KING, by T. S. Arthur.

THE ROSE OF THE SAVANNA, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," "Rena," &c. &c.

THE TRIED HEARTS, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Biographies, Correspondence, Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given us of old.

THE NEW POSTAGE.

Our readers will remember that the new Postage Law will go into effect on the 1st of July next. The following are the rates per year, daily and weekly newspapers. In the county where published, *free*.

	Daily.	Weekly.
Fifty miles or under,	$1.56	$0.26
Over 50 and not over 300,	3.12	0.52
" 300 and not over 1,000,	3.90	0.65
" 1,000 and not over 2,000	4.68	0.78
" 2,000 and not over 4,000	5.60	1.04
" 4,000, and over	6.00	1.30

The Government reserves the office of publication, and the Ledger gives the following as the distances of a number of places from this city:

Not Over Fifty Miles—Bucks, Chester, Delaware, Montgomery, and Philadelphia counties in Pennsylvania, including the towns of Bristol, Bethlehem, Easton, Norristown, Doylestown, Media, Chester, Wilmington, Middletown, Harrisburg, Lancaster, Reading, Pottsville, Port Carbon, Sunbury, Easton, Allentown, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Hazleton, Honesdale, Hollidaysburg, &c., except Reading, Port Carbon, Pottsville, and Mauch Chunk, in New Jersey, all of Delaware, nearly all of Maryland, the eastern part of Virginia, the Counties of New York, and most of the middle counties.

Not Over One Thousand Miles.—The following are the counties in Pennsylvania, ranked by the United States and State troops, have exercised their duties in a close, and the prospects of these engaged in the dry diggings, enabling them to return to their homes in the fall with a handsome the dry season. On the other hand, work will be carried on with the greatest vigor during the rainy season, and as a general thing operations on the bars has been commenced earlier in the season than those from the Feather and Yuba river vicinity are not quite favorable, the great quantity of snow which had fallen having proved disastrous to the interests of the miners. Still it is the opinion of many that it was impossible to approach the mines in any way from actual want of water, as the rains have also been of great service to enable the miners to prospect thoroughly, in the belief that at least one-eighth of the population will remain in the spring and summer to pay due attention to the cultivation of the soil.

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Miscellaneous.

DRAWING AND WAITING.—Hon. HORACE MANN, late superintendent of common schools in Massachusetts, in a report of a visit to the schools of Europe: "Each scholar's slate is ruled for him, and the Prussian schools I never saw before. I can hardly express myself too strongly on this point. In Great Britain, and in this country, as I observed, I have never seen schools worthy to be compared with them in this respect. This superiority cannot be attributed in any degree to a better mode of holding the pen; for I never saw so great a portion of cases in which a scholar held the pen in so awkward a way.

"This excellence must be referred, in a great degree, to the universal practice of drawing. So exact contemporaneously with learning to write. I believe it will generally be found that a child can write with more ease than he will learn writing alone. In the course of my tour I passed from normalize schools to other schools, and in every school could draw with ease, and most of them with no inconsiderable degree of beauty and expression, to those where drawing was not practiced at all; and I came to the conclusion that, with no other study can the attention of the pupils, I could tell whether drawing was taught in schools or not."—*New York Independent.*

WORKERS SHOULD STUDY.—The following extract advise we cordially recommend to notice, particularly at this time:

We respectfully counsel those whom we address, (the workingmen of America,) we counsel you to labor for a time *with your intellects, your analysis which agitates the community, to make it your study instead of wasting your leisure in vague, premature and idle dreams.* Whatever may be the cause of the people on the rumors of the fight, if honest people will form them a good acquaintance with the Constitution, laws, history and interests of their country, and then exhibit the same zeal in these great principles which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and prejudices, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exercise not a nominal, but a real influence in the Government and destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth and virtue.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A black-snake which had discovered the nest of a wood-pecker, climbed up the tree, and putting his head into the hole, swallowed the wood-pecker. Also when he would have withdrawn, he found his throat so much distended by his supper, that he could not get back; and so he died with his length exposed, dangling from the wood-pecker's hole, as a memorial to all who yeaned by, not to get into a scrape until they had contrived how to get out of it.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the arrival at this city, on Saturday, of the barque Edwin Reed, we have fifteen days later news from San Francisco, the bringer of a large number of passengers. The gold dust and mails were left on the Isthmus by the 22 Dorado, after having waited at Chagres for four days. The Reed sailed for San Francisco on the 15th, with two millions in gold, and 550 passengers. One had arrived at Panama from the interior.

Both political parties in California, are preparing to marshal their forces for a thorough engagement in the fall. The Union party has Conway candidate for Governor, will, without doubt, be the choice of the Republicans, on account of his character and intelligence. He is a native of Philadelphia. He was formerly a resident of Mississippi and New Orleans, and for two years was engaged in the gold fields of the Sierra. He has been a resident of Upper California for eight years, and is a native of Tennessee. The Democratic nominee is Mr. Haight, a native of Vermont, a gentleman of some political distinction in Texas. He came to California in the year 1849. He has an unequal salary applause, among whom we may mention Governor Low, Gen. Coe, Col. John Forney, Dr. Semple, and several others. The Democrats will be an independent candidate, and will run against Conway in the fall.

The Whigs and Democrats of San Francisco have fused, and will run a mutilated ticket of combined officers. Considerable interest is felt by both parties in the approaching election, and it will be one of much excitement.

Business is very dull, partial rumors and severe change of bribery and corruption have been made against the Governor and Legislature. That body have now the whole subject under consideration, and it is to be hoped that the action of the Legislature and the character of our State, will be vindicated from the foul charges which have against Constitution.

The Constitutional Convention, convened by the United States and State troops, have succeeded in their deliberations to a close.

The Union party have formed the ticket which had fallen having proved disastrous to the interests of the miners. Still it is the opinion of many that it was impossible to approach the mines in any way from actual want of water, as the rains have also been of great service to enable the miners to prospect thoroughly, in the belief that at least one-eighth of the population will remain in the spring and summer to pay due attention to the cultivation of the soil.

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POLITICAL NEWS.

Thurlow Weed has written a letter to persuade in the Convention supporting the State question. The compromise has been adopted, though it may yet be reconsidered. The decision, it is now stands, gives the counties West of the Susquehanna, Philadelphia, and those East of the, 97 with members of the Senate, and the Rest 99. It also provides that the question of representation on the white basis, and the whole question shall be submitted to the people together, in 1865.

Seward's Letter.—The following is an extract from the letter of Mr. Charles Sumner, accepting the office of United States Senator, in Massachusetts:

I accept it at the servant of the Union, bound to duty and entitled to equal justice with all, and the interests of all parts of our country; to discountenance every effort to foment any of those ties by which our fellowship of states is held in fraternal company, and oppose all sectional combination opposed to unconstitutional efforts of the North to carry or grow a boon as freedom into the Slave States, or to unconstitutional efforts of the South to carry the curse of Slavery into free territory. I will labor to carry the medicinal evil of slavery into the Free States, as to observe strictly my duties as to the national obligations of slavery over the States where it exists. Supporting the Union and the Constitution I feel no the powerful guardian of all rights and liberties, and the only sure foundation of Slavery, clasped by the endearing name of country and union, so far made sacred by the blood that all sovereign federation of States, by which unity, peace and the rights of all are best secured. Believing the welfare of the whole country depends on the welfare of the least of the states, and that the rights of the humblest are safest when the highest are secure, I will seek to maintain the equal rights of each and all the states, and the rights of each and all the citizens of the United States.

If there be anything on this earth that I adore equal to utterly despise, it is Jacobinism. That it should be found in the ranks of Democracy, that its horrid principle of action for the lofty dignity of human equality and in the form of South Carolina Fire Eaters, is what I cannot pretend to understand.

But this is but my only motive for prompt action. I see, in the exhibition of Jacobinism in the South, a powerful reaction against Democratic principles in the North; and when, instead of the real and different issues and principles of party, single State upon sovereignty State, we shall have the country divided upon the single issue of an attack at the institutions of the South which no power on earth can successfully do.

With this confident conviction on my mind, I cannot permit myself to be made a tool for such will work the only hope I entertain for the maintenance of civil liberty on this continent—the conservative character of black labor within the sovereign States of the South.

New Constitution of Maryland.—The following is an abstract of the new Constitution, which was voted on very favorably, the great majority of which had fallen having proved disastrous to the interests of the miners. Still it is the opinion of many that it was impossible to approach the mines in any way from actual want of water, as the rains have also been of great service to enable the miners to prospect thoroughly, in the belief that at least one-eighth of the population will remain in the spring and summer to pay due attention to the cultivation of the soil.

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Mint Bronze Commissioner.—The Commissioners appointed by Congress to visit the European Mints, have selected as their commissioner, Mr. Dickinson, of Philadelphia, formerly Secretary of the Treasury. He is believed by no one. I am happy, however, in being able to inform you that he has, at last, consented to serve. He will be immediate. It

Selected Poetry.

MY FATHER.

BY HENRY R. JACKSON.

As the fir cadence on the hearth
And crooning of the cricket first,
And sweeps the sleeping cradle face,
Is the first memory left of me,
I am a child to some dear place
That grows towards the evening light;
There are the trees and fields and skies,
The pallid trees and banks of violets.

Mr. Furlong! when they laid thee down,
And thought we did not see,
And hid thee sleeping all alone
Upon the windy hill,
I knew not why I could not weep,
The evening lingered on so still,
And all the world was dumb.

And though, while sometimes upon bed,
I heard the wind around me wail—
Uneven dip in the dark roof—
Different from other nights,
And withered in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee
Was still, and would not believe that thou
Wert wholly cast away.

Oh! Father! then for her and thee
Comfort in the unbreaking tears;
And oh, old king, and lonely
Those trees planted in later years;
For on the world grows old around,
And deepens on their roots,
To end in haste that love is found
Alone where the stars rise.

Pictures of Life.

THE DUEL.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

From the commencement of our Revolution till the year 1815, a period of forty years, Europe was almost constantly at war. Three generations of men were born, grew to the full stature of manhood, and died. United States, Spain, England, the French Republic, Bonaparte, and again with the United States; memorable singly, remarkable in the events of their combination.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815. The people of England have not succeeded in those hundred thousand men; and in 1848, although she had enjoyed thirty years of peace, her armies are still one hundred thousand strong.

The impression one would think that such a load of soldiery would not be required for any purpose; and they probably are not, but it is the fear of an invasion from that of England to keep so many men in the public service as they are. To my thinking of any purpose, it is many, in the midst of a hundred thousand soldiers, to have five or five thousand of them commit a breach of discipline, and to bring to the cheek of gentlemen—a stain that is found to furnish the most useful and the most substantive stream in the whole of the British Empire—the commissioned officers. Many will not have been educated for being well-born, well-educated, and well-connected, they are necessarily, in a manner, more closely identified with others; and most ordinarily are, because they are so well paid, and have so little to do, they are more likely to get into a row than is necessary.

The army of England is clad with officers who do not do it merely as a trade or profession, by which they may get a living. As a very limited number of them do, I mean those who, in the event anywhere that the Government may command, without asking any questions, or knowing the conduct of the Empire was right or wrong [it is right in all, when rightly understood;] and yet we must not be surprised if we find, even at a wide, a man who has good for such a trade engaged in it, he is generally thought honorable, even the most punctilious and virtuous gentleman, and but few stop to inquire if it is also right.

My story will introduce the sort of men that I am smuggling at the time.

To be perfectly candid with my readers, I must premise that I am not a soldier, and for reasons of the purpose that I am to tell about. The scene, place where it happened was also in Ireland; and the exact date is gone, but it is more than a few years since. I myself had been in Ireland; and the exact date is gone, but it is more than a few years since. I myself had been there about that time, and was then about [illegible] and the rest of the line when I was heard to.

The general peace of Europe, which followed the fall of Napoleon, released the army of England from a state of excitement, which, for the time, almost one third of its former number, it was distributed among the military stations within the kingdom and its dependencies. A large part of the surviving officers of the field of Waterloo, were quartered in Ireland. They were young officers, of the best families and connections, and had carried their honors and offices in the battle-field; but a certain number, comparatively small, were appointed to commissions through favor of their wealthy and powerful friends, and came among the veterans with the commissions in their pockets which purchased their high rank in the army. The old soldiers, naturally enough, looked upon the new comers as mere upstarts and intruders. They despised them for their inexperience, and hated them for the favoritism which had made them their equals. The reason where honor is gained by killing the enemy's soldiers, and not by wearing a red coat to amuse the individual's rivals and supplanters. The Apostle John, says that murder and hating are brother and brother; and in the military sentiment for the standard of judgment, it is more so by or by reason of the many other people have to fight for it. Be this is done elsewhere, as well as in the British army; but in the latter, I believe that the most honorable are often obtained by means the most dishonorable.

The hero of my story was in this situation; and whether he deserved the judgment we have given of him, or not, he evidently considered that it in full measure. He had obtained, by patronage, the appointment of Ensign, after the usual examination, and was gazetted, with some fourteen or twenty others of Wellington's army, to the regiment of Ireland. An Ensign is the most commissioned officer, and the salary, or pay, is so small that it is a saying, "If an Ensign has a shilling to borrow, he must go without it." Our Ensign was very poor—he was friendless, very young, and very inexperienced.

On the other hand, the officers of the station were generally well supplied with money, and had nothing to do but spend it. They lived fast and high, and were, by all their habits and tastes, unpleasant companions for such as he. Besides his rattling companions, there was something in him which disinclined him to their society, and that was his dislike to drinking. He was a man of self-respect, shocking refinement and culture, and a strict propriety of language and manners, which placed him at once far more elevated above their general looseness and rudeness of conduct. They hated him for the reproof he contained in it, and still worse for his personal character and demeanor among them. All this put in the other scale, made a wide gulf between them almost entered every day.

A certain amount and kind of contempt he was entitled to, by the rules of the service; this they gave him, but so sharply measured out, that before he had been in office a month, they took no more, and he might have had none of greater at any moment that he pleased. It was, in fact, the rarified gas of several of these men, that they drive him out of the army by their incivilities, or to drive him into a duel, and so dispose of him finally.

This grew worse continually. The contempt of the older officers for the young Ensign, and their high repugnance to them, increased with every rebuff, and with every kind of respect in his feelings, and he avoided them with a caution that looked like an antipathy. The more of all was, the more conspicuous he made the rest of the whole gapsians that he was a coward—a character most detestable of all others in the army, a reason that readers every other virtue worthless.

Poor fellow! he was alone, friendless, and without a dollar in the world but his monthly pay. With these beggarly circumstances he was a saint, and a gentleman. He was considered over-sensitive by high culture and refined sentiments; but his chief fault was, perhaps, a conscience—a religious sense of right, which left him no liberty to relieve himself or mend his prospects by any means which did not square with his nobler feelings. He suffered much every way, and most of all he suffered for "righteousness' sake." Of course he had the strength and noble sense which such a sentiment bestows; but it is none to do great things than to bear little ones. There are many heroes that salute in the world. St. Peter was not afraid of the soldiers in the garden, but he was ashamed of his Master in the Judgment Hall. To bear disgrace, and shame, and scorn, to stand quiet under reproaches that drive one out of society, for the sake of a principle which nobody believes or respects—who is even-bearing.

One night, he was invited to attend the party of some of the officers of the regiment. It was a dinner party, and he was expected to be present at the table. He was not fond of drinking, and he was not invited to attend this particular dinner on that account.

The Colonel's dinners and regimental messes were famous for their hilarity.

It arose, as I learned from most such a meeting, from the fact that the Colonel was a man of the most genial nature—such a trickster, such a practical wag-at-pen are, the Colonel least and most delighting master. "You know well enough," he would say, "that I am not going to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor, I am bound to respect it, and you, on the other hand, are bound to respect mine. But this general is not made up. I will not have any of your gibs. You shall take it, or I will take it, and I am determined that for the next month, at least, I will be [illegible] nothing at the Ensign in a single instance, but what he has received with equal contempt and fondness.

The officers laughed, and then the speeches were made—and a hearty laugh followed. The dessert went first before the parties should quit the ground. The Ensign's turned, carried every glass in the room, and the Colonel, with a most dangerous change of countenance, rose to deliver the sentiment of the night.

"Will nothing satisfy this fractious but up life?" said the young officer, indignantly, and I must not have been invited to the dinner, if there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. Let him name it, and I will meet him, hunting already spared his life, and I will meet him, if he will not retire it, for it will be something in the end."

"I have given him his life," replied the Colonel, sadly, "for far from the line of strict principle, to reserve it now. I cannot any longer say that I am opposed to fighting. I have broken, and that defence by plotting is an expediency which I thought a safe one. Oh, it is hard—it is hard!"

"Sir, General," said the Colonel, "the subject is in the room. One of us must leave it," hastily replied the guest. "Your duty to the service must be driven from the service. We cannot have a gentleman and a coward in the same regiment, and one must go. Name the time and place, and I will be prepared to meet you."

"Sir," said the Colonel, trembling and advancing toward him, "sorry, sir, it is you that I have to meet. Sooner than you should fall, I would fall myself, and I am prepared to do it. Name the time and place."

"Come, come," said the Colonel, turning and addressing himself to them, "sorry, sir, it is you that I have to meet. Sooner than you should fall, I would fall myself, and I am prepared to do it. Name the time and place."

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